

THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1920

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WILLIAM M. REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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The Plutes Put Harding Over

By William Marion Reedy

THE plutes underwrote and the journal- ists have overwritten the Republican convention. I apologize for adding to the word-output concerning the gathering. It was a dull affair. The one heartfelt utter- ance of the crowd was when it sang the mourn- ful ditty, "How dry I am!" The absence of booze made for an absence of enthusiasm. There was an absence of people too. Chi- cago was disappointed in the attendance. It had anticipated at least 100,000 visitors. There were less than 50,000. It was a weary and a woeful thing going around from one candi- date's headquarters to another. The notabil- ities were not conspicuously visible most of the time, and nobody knew anything of what was going to happen. National committee- men were in the dark. They were out of it. The reason for this was that it was the United States Senators who were in charge and they were mostly in executive session. Mostly they seemed to be waiting for some word from one Boies Penrose, ill in Pennsylvania, to tell them what to do. Aside from the Senators I should say the busiest men were George Harvey and William Randolph Hearst. Har- vey wanted nothing except that Hoover should not have a look-in. Hearst wanted Hiram Johnson or blood. In the absence of blood the Hearst papers spilled oceans of red ink in denunciation of everybody who was not for Johnson. Hearst did his candidate incal- culable harm. There was no doubt about it when the crowd interrupted his oratorical nominator with ironical cries of "Hearst!" But Hearst blew in every eye the horrid deeds of Wood and Lowden with their big money expenditure. There was no getting away from the smear of boodle.

I got to Chicago Wednesday morning and milled around with George J. Tansey who wore a big Harding badge and proclaimed, as he had been proclaiming ever since Harding's chairmanship of the 1916 convention, that the Ohio man was the happy medium. The Wood boom was even then showing symptoms of anaemia. Lowden was the strong man every- where. Johnson was regarded simply as a bluffer on the treaty plank. Give him his plank, or something like it, and let it go at that, was the very evident sentiment. It had to be that way. The reservationist senators were too numerous to be rebuked by an out- and-out no League plank just to please John- son and Borah. The impression one gained was that hatred of Wilson was a stronger mo- tive than opposition to the League of Nations as such. That was made plain in Cabot Lodge's icy, key-note, opening speech. It was evident, though, that the League plank would be elastic. When it came, it was. I don't know what the League plank means. It has a general negative tone but it does not shut the door on reservations. It only shut out Johnson from the nomination. And that set- tled him as a factor because he had pledged himself not to bolt if defeated. The League plan was drafted from a model supplied by Elihu Root. Root is the chief of William Randolph Hearst's menagerie of *betes noires*.

Hearst was Johnson's wildest champion. When Root's plank won Johnson was headed for the discard, and he went there with hardly a kick, exposed as another Mr. Forcible- Feeble.

The best known political journalist in the United States had it all sized up, as he told me in the Auditorium Wednesday evening: "Its all framed up. Wall street is here strong, at the Blackstone—Schwab and all the rest of them. The balloting will go to the tenth or twelfth ballot and that will settle it. The bunch is agreed on two things: first, a League plank facing both ways—to no League, and a League with reservations; second that neither Wood nor Lowden nor Johnson shall be nom- inated, the first two because of the money taint, the third because Johnson is too much the wild-ass colt on all issues. A third thing too is fixed—it won't be Hoover. Because the Republican Senators and the Democratic, too, for that matter, feel about Hoover just about as Jim Reed of Missouri does, though they don't say so. Hoover is a big man with whose development they had nothing to do, with whom they had no influence. After all it was Wilson who gave Hoover his oppor- tunity and to nominate Hoover would be ap- proving something Wilson had done. Besides Hoover has asked none of them for anything. So Hoover can't be the winning dark horse." The reasoning was good, I thought. And George Tansey went off somewhere and came back wearing nine Harding badges and four- teen Harding buttons, and a smile like the one he wears when Cornell wins a boat-race. But there was not any Harding enthusiasm any- where except in the delegation from Ohio, and even there it was a chastened and modulated enthusiasm. Most of the people seemed to think that it was all off for every candidate but Sproul of Pennsylvania, and that because the big boss, Penrose, had declared a liking for him. It was generally expected that the nom- inee would be handed down from above, as it was that the League plank would be—what it was, whatever that is.

Thursday came the platform and the best thing about it was the reading of it by Senator Watson. It took him an hour to do it. The reception of it was but perfunctorily warm. The one bit of applause that struck me was when the declaration was made that there must be no strike against the government. The delegates unquestionably were anti-Labor. There was somewhat of a roar of approval of the League plank, but even as the demonstra- tors waved hats and flags they turned to one another with queries, "Did you get it?" "What does it say?" "What does it mean?" I've read it a dozen times since then and it's as cryptic as the messages of Patience Worth to her sitters. The platform fell flat. It is full of language. It is most effective in its indict- ment of the Wilson administration. Invective is the easiest thing to write. But the platform is strong for protection—against an indus- trially paralyzed Europe. It is strong for Americanization and the barring out of immi- grants from lands not up to our standards of

living. But it dodges the question of universal military service and it is altogether weaselled as to the demands of organized workers for a share in the profits of industry, but it gives the American Federation of Labor what it doesn't want—compulsory arbitration under the Esch-Cummins bill. Sam Gompers had dropped into Chicago to tell the platform committee what he wanted. The committee heard him and did otherwise. But Gompers got no colder deal than did Eammon de Valera, President of the Irish Republic, and fiery Frank P. Walsh when they called to ask for a plank according recognition to the Irish Republic. There isn't a word for Ireland in the platform, which is seventeen miles long and about one-sixteenth of an inch deep. Up to Saturday night when I left Chicago, I never heard a man mention the platform, though Hearst proclaimed it "a Johnson victory over the international bankers." It was rumored but denied that Borah had sold out Johnson on the League plank. It was said that Lodge had thrown down the reservationist senators on it. The plank itself is evidence that it was written to catch both reservationists and irreconcilables—which means, in plain language, that the irreconcilables were reconciled, otherwise flattened out by the steam roller operated by the senatorial machine. Johnson had lain down—never to get up.

When a minority report was announced there was a little spinal thrill through the crowd, for it had been announced the report would be unanimous. A little man named Gross was the minority of one. He was from Wisconsin. That meant LaFollette of course. The convention did not want to hear him, but that frosty Caucasian, Chairman Lodge, reminded the delegates that Mr. Gross was entitled to be heard. He read his report. Mostly it was not listened to. It called for throwing the League of Nations in the scrap heap, declared for disarmament, said we should withdraw our troops from countries with which we are not at war, recommended a continuance of governmental ownership of railroads, called for taxation that would "get" the profiteers, and so forth. The delegates were bored. There were shouts from the galleries of "Socialist!" Mr. Gross' platform said something, had guts, but it was voted down stentorianly. The Johnson delegates voted "No" as loud as any. No one remembered anything about it afterward, not even when Wisconsin continued to vote for La Follette until the very end. La Follette was sick in hospital, recovering from an operation, but his paper with a flair for what was coming, had taken pains to denounce Harding of Ohio as one of the most hide-bound reactionaries in the senate, or words to that effect. One could not but wonder what La Follette is doing in the Republican galley anyhow.

Once the platform was off the party's chest the senatorial machine's workings became manifest. More and more it became plain that Wood and Lowden were out of the question and that Johnson was slipping everywhere but in the Hearst papers. Speculation mostly concerned itself with Governor Sproul, but nobody knew anything about him, except that Penrose was supposed to be for him. Once in a while someone suggested Hughes, but nobody paid any attention to that. Friday came, and nominating time.

O, those speeches! Barring one or two, the best were those nobody heard. Platitude upon platitude, endlessly. The atmosphere was blue with bromides. The orators made splendid physical efforts. But the speeches were machine made, with a few exceptions. And they were ponderously solemn. Governor Allen of

Kansas got by, laboring heavily for Wood, but Corinne Roosevelt Robinson, seconding the General, made a little gem of a speech for the man who was her brother's kind. Mrs. Robinson's sonnets are favorites with me. Her speech had sonnet formality, conciseness and restrained feeling. Of course she got a mighty "hand," which reminds me to say that one got tired of the Rooseveltian apotheosis, as every speaker claimed his mantle for the speaker's candidate. And it was almost disgusting when those speakers were men who had no use for Roosevelt, living, and were using him, dead, in lieu of either idea or argument. The delegates and the galleries rose to the magic name for a time, but after a little the cheers began to pump up with difficulty. The crowd caught on that Roosevelt was but a "property" of the orators' stage-play. His name was generally coupled with Lincoln's and Washington's. The damnable iteration became a bore. Rodenberg's speech for Lowden was a string of antique phraseological tags. But he did work in something about Lowden as a business man. Wheeler of California nominated Johnson—and helped to kill him. Half a dozen times he offended the convention. There was a veiled threat in his utterance. He started to insinuate, not very deftly, criticism of the other candidates, hinting at purchased newspaper support, suggesting the meagerness of the Johnson campaign fund as compared with others, and generally fumbling along and almost saying things he should not have said. He was checked by murmurings of dissent or by cries of "Hearst!" Then he backed and filled and flopped around. Evidently he was of half a mind to hurl a bombshell and blow the works, but couldn't screw his courage to the sticking-point. His audience was not with him, and the galleries knew he was floundering. He spoke like a man whose fingers were all thumbs and whose feet were full of shoes, and, above all else, like a man who knew he was licked and wanted but did not dare to say that he or his candidate would get even later. Mr. Wheeler evidently had had a good speech mapped out, but got "the collywobblers" and couldn't put it over. The *panache* he waved looked from the beginning like the white feather, after the pretty shower of red and green ones thrown from the roof-girders on the crowd when General Wood was named. Mr. Willis, who nominated Harding, said right off that all the candidates were good men and the party could win with any of them for leader. He said Roosevelt's mantle had fallen to the ground, not on anyone's shoulders. There were no shoulders big enough to carry it. That was a new note. It was not using Roosevelt as a stage "prop." Then he put forth the Harding claims with simple, strong, direct address and—Oh, so rare a thing in this convention!—a little touch of unconventionality and humor, with a little phrase, "Let me tell you, boys—and girls, too," that caught the house. The incident was the only humorous thing that occurred in four days, barring the dragging off the stage of a song-leader in a long long-tail coat, who wanted the crowd to sing "The Long, Long Trail." Willis' speech was the best one made, not for fine oratorical form, profound eloquence or high thought, but because it was aimed with exact ballistics at the convention's then thought—Who's the man to pick up, now that those others are out of the running? Here was a man who'd spent only \$100,000 in Ohio alone and then quit in moral indignation, a solid-minded Republican from a state that was needed and one without which no Republican had ever won the presidency. That struck home. The auditors straightened up perceptibly under it. Then

Mr. Miller of New York spoke for Herbert Hoover. His voice did not carry far. He made a mediocre speech—one not at all worthy of his subject, I thought. And the remainder I didn't care for.

The demonstrations! They were tedious. They were monotonously alike. They kept the delegates waiting, hot and sticky. They were banalistic. They dragged terribly. I guess they would have been better if they had been fired the least bit by a drop of alcohol. They all looked to me like hard work for a record of duration. If one more than another had spontaneity I should say that it was the outburst for Hoover, but that was all in the galleries. The delegates yawned. The best delegate demonstration was for Lowden, even though Wood's was first and of fresh impact upon the spectator and auditor.

The balloting started off about as expected for four calls. Wood, Lowden and Johnson were the contenders. Harding hadn't delegates enough to do more than run a heavy hand-car. Then came an adjournment, which the Wood and Lowden and Johnson men opposed. Within two hours "Harding" was the word. Wood and Lowden men had conferred. Johnson leaders rather sulked. The Lowden people upon the whole seemed readiest to go to some other candidate. The Wood following was not averse to some compromise. The ticket could not be Wood and Lowden, or Lowden and Wood. The same objection applied to both—the fat fund taint. There was no sense in multiplying a weakness in the hope that the result would be strength. Johnson could not run with either. It was he who had exposed both. Hoover was an outsider, a high-brow, half a Democrat, too good to ask anybody's support, or to promise anything for it or to accept a cabinet offer for saying a word for any contender. There remained Harding. The senatorial machine knew him, knew it could do business with him, knew he wouldn't say or do anything foolish or off his own bat. A safe man who had spent only \$100,000 to carry his own state and hadn't talked about candidates who spent more. A "reg'lar feller!" He was "the goods," and about the time that was decided along came the news that he had filed as a candidate for the senatorial nomination in Ohio. That looked like he had given up hope in Chicago. It threw off the scent a lot of politicians in the other camps who might have stopped the deal. But when Chicago went to bed Friday night the men "in the know" knew that Harding would be the nominee and that the thing would be pulled off on about the tenth ballot. And it was, Missouri leading the slump to the Ohioan after its vote had been bought and paid for by Lowden's manager. Coolidge of Massachusetts was nominated for Vice-President, without thought. He wanted it. No one else did. It was thrown to him by men who knew nothing about him except that he broke the Boston police strike spectacularly last year.

After the adjournment I met one of the Hoover managers at the Hoover headquarters. "What was the expression over the result?" I asked him. "Well," he said, "the thing I most frequently heard as the workers packed up was, 'Hell! I'm going back into the Democratic party.'" There's a history of the Hoover campaign.

Harding and Coolidge! Is it a good ticket? It is a good Republican ticket, at least. It is a little less boodleboltered ticket than one headed by Wood or Lowden. It is better than a Johnson ticket, because Johnson is more Johnsonian than Republican. Johnson rose to fame supporting policies so Wilsonian that in 1916 he was unable effectively to support

Hughes for President. Johnson was intractable to the senatorial bosses. He was too demagogic for the conservatives in control. His support was more radical than Republican. His defeat was highly logical.

How about Harding? Well, Republicans are justified in the selection. They want no idealism, no social-justice spouter, no man who will throw brick-bats at bankers, national or international, no spieler for the common "peepul." I think that the most effective argument for Harding in the final caucuses was that he is so much like McKinley, a stodgy person who can "say an undisputed thing in such a solemn way", who would rather be led than lead, who will never lose sight of the great business interests and will rejoice to be surrounded by the representatives of the interests who know exactly what they want. The men who wanted Wood or Lowden can get along and do business with Harding all right. He won't go off on a tangent or at half-cock like Roosevelt did. The intellectuals cannot seduce him into social experiment. He is sound on the tariff schedules and he is a sure shot for anything the senatorial cabal decides on as to the peace treaty or anything else. He is about as progressive as our old friend Ed Howe of Potato Hill, Atchison, Kansas, who thinks that "everybody is all right if he's got it."

But the republic was auctioned off just the same, only a private rather than publicized bid took the parcel. The Wood and Lowden backers won, though Wood and Lowden could not. The plutocracy plucked victory from the jaws of defeat and brought home the bacon. The ticket will appeal to all the reactionaries against idealism in government, to all those who shudder away from popular government. It is the very best ticket that could be devised for the comfort of all those who are willing to do everything for the people—except get off their backs.

But a *Democratic*, as distinct from a Wilsonian, ticket, on a platform that does not recognize the President as a constitutional king, can beat Harding and Coolidge hands down.

And up goes the stock of James M. Cox, of Ohio, as the candidate at San Francisco. He has carried Ohio three times. He refused to stop the Dempsey-Willard fight at Toledo, saying he didn't care for the scrap but would not usurp authority to interfere. Mr. Bryan opposes him, but the party is a bit weary of Willie. He refused to help the Steel Trust smash the last strike. Harding's victory is a big boost for this man and the Democracy may go into the presidential campaign as Cox's army.

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

The Arbitrary Upheld

A GAIN the so-called bridge arbitrary upon coal crossing the Mississippi to St. Louis has been sustained as legal by the Interstate Commerce Commission. The Supreme Court of the United States has also upheld the charge. This city has claimed it should get its coal at the same rate as East St. Louis. The railroad authority of the country says no. The city has spent \$11,000,000 building a bridge to beat the arbitrary and no railroad will use the bridge, because all the railroads own the old bridges. The fight has been going on for thirty years. First there was a special charge on all freight from the East here, but that was abolished and the charge of 20 cents per car was left on shipments

originating within 100 miles to the East. Such shipments are chiefly coal. This latest decision should settle the controversy, in which St. Louis asked that the Terminal Railroad Association should haul coal five miles to this city for nothing or at the same rate as to East St. Louis, five miles nearer the coal. REEDY'S MIRROR has held all along that the city demanded too much.

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The President Should Pardon Debs

PRESIDENT WILSON should order the release from prison of Eugene V. Debs. He will, if he has any place in that heart which so throbs for humanity in the abstract, for the individual man. He will, if he has any admiration for a man whose convictions defy prison and death. He will, if he has any brotherliness for another who obeys those "voices" which Wilson himself hears and obeys as Socrates did his daemon. He will not doom Debs to death for his opinions based on a higher law than that of that man-made, Hobbesian God, the State. I understand that Mr. Debs is in a much weakened condition as the result of his confinement, that his physical plight is such as to make his immurement during hot weather extremely dangerous. Last year it was for a time thought likely that the summer in prison would exhaust Debs' vitality. It is death's release, I am told, that Debs expects rather than pardon for what his soul protests to be no crime. Indeed he has prepared for it. Surely there should be some compassion in President Wilson's heart for the veteran fighter for the people who wears convict garb because of opposition to Wilsonian government. Eugene Debs has been punished enough, on even the Wilson theory of law and policy. He has been punished too much, on the theory that he is being punished for adherence to a faith too wide and deep for nationalism. Debs the Socialist, Debs the candidate for president, Debs the man deserves dismissal from his prison cell. Even more the love of the people for Debs demands recognition in his restoration to freedom and to all civil rights. He should be freed "with or without reservations." His firmness in refusing capitulation, his fortitude in suffering, his charitableness to those who despitefully use him, his captaincy of his own soul, should commend him to the generosity of justice which must exist in some measure in a man who with whatever of foible for his own inerrancy, cannot but respect a personality, motivated (vile word!) by love rather than hatred. The case of Eugene Debs is the measure of the heart and soul of Woodrow Wilson. As the President deals with Debs we shall see and know how he fits in the justice and mercy seat once occupied by Abraham Lincoln.

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The Shakespeare Myth

AN article of mine in last week's paper about the "discovery" of Mr. J. Thomas Looney that the true Shakespeare was Edward De Vere, seventeenth Earl of Oxford, has evoked a letter from Mr. Henry Watterson, printed in the department of "Letters from the People." Let me say right here that the opinion of Henry Watterson as to the authorship of Shakespeare has more weight with me than that of any of the men who have written books to prove that Shakespeare was someone else than Shakespeare. For this reason: that the person competent to judge the personality of the author of the plays is a person representing in his own character the qualities that have endeared Shakespeare to us. The opinion of lawyers on this subject is not worth much. The opinion that counts is the opinion

of a poet, of a man of universal sympathy, one with the native grace to wear a gallant plume, one conspicuous for the blending of intellect with emotion which transfigures life and all things in it—a person alive to the pageantry of character working in events and gifted with understanding of the diversity, divine or diabolical, of human nature. Mr. Watterson is the kind of man today who might have sat in his youth for the Chandos portrait of Shakespeare, who would have been fit friend to Essex and Southampton and might have heard with "rare Ben" the chimes at midnight. Off hand, I should say, "I believe the expert," but I cling to the idea that too many folk who knew Shakespeare and said he wrote the plays, must be wrong, in order that a few people three hundred years later, who say he didn't write them, may be right. Still for Mr. Watterson I will say that he picks as author the one powerful genius of the age of Shakespeare who surely could have written the plays, if Shakespeare did not write them.

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The Fight Against the Movie Trust

ST. LOUISANS have been "entertained," doubtless, by the funny story about how a man named Koplar in this city was choused out of possession of nineteen moving picture theaters in this city, by the representatives of the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation—otherwise the Movie Trust. Mr. Koplar after being put through the whirl of the Great White Way in Gotham, came home with a contract that isn't what he thought it was and is not in fact a contract at all, to find that the houses he supposed he had sold for a certain sum have been taken over by the Trust without payment and that he is forbidden to trespass upon any of the premises. He is left theaterless and completely razzle-dazzled. The incident comes along as strong corroboration of the article in REEDY'S MIRROR two weeks ago setting forth the methods whereby the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation design to get control of the moving picture theaters of the country. The Trust intends to force all theater owners to come in. If they do not, they will be crushed by heavily backed opposition, the denial of films, etc. The Trust got its idea from the Stanley Company of Philadelphia, about two and one-half years ago, according to the *Exhibitor's Herald*. This plan did not work well. Then the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation tried to purchase theaters in the big cities. That didn't work. It was too expensive. The next thing was to organize a big booking company. The Trust at this time, according to the *Exhibitor's Herald*, through its multitude of real estate companies controls directly or indirectly about two hundred and fifty theaters in the United States and Canada. In this total there are a very large number of small theaters that would not have been considered individually but were taken in as units of a group. Out of the entire number of two hundred and fifty, only about thirty may be considered to be importantly situated theaters in key centers. The Trust quit buying theaters as prices of real estate went up, but the owners of existing independent theaters were threatened that if they did not do exactly as the Trust wished, competing theaters would be built. The threat works pretty well in towns of, let us say, 25,000 inhabitants. The small fry owners were frightened at the prospect of not being able to get Famous Players-Lasky films. They knuckled under on all propositions which gave the Trust the upper hand in contracts for films. They paid heavy fees for rights that were often cancelled without the return of the fees. They submitted to exactions of percentage on re-

ceipts. Agents of the Trust were in the box offices to tab the receipts and thus "got a line on" the business of the houses, enabling them to squeeze for more percentage. The smaller film producing companies saw that the Trust was getting ready to close the market for their product, while the owners of the houses saw themselves reduced to the position of janitor for the Trust, compelled to take any film that was handed them, compelled to display advertisements without pay on the Trust films, mulcted of fees for rights they never received and generally slaves to the great concern that was trying to control all the actors, all the films and all the places where films could be displayed. The new Trust was fixing up a "cinch" as strong as that of the old Patents Company that took all the profits of the business at the source. The new Trust's "strong arm" tactics in dealing with exhibitors are illustrated in the story of the treatment of Koplar in St. Louis, just as we have seen that the Trust started to build "a million dollar movie house" across the street from the Grand Central in order to drive the latter out of business. The exhibitors have organized a corporation of their own called the First National Picture Association. They take shares in it that carry more or less control in their neighborhoods. They are trying to modify that feature to prevent the building up of a counter-monopoly. They have enlisted the cooperation of six or more producers who are not in the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, to provide films with actors of note in the high class productions. The intention is to give battle to the Trust all along the line. This organization of the exhibitors held a meeting at Cleveland last week. The meeting was strictly private. The only announcement of anything done was that Mr. Sidney Cohen was chosen president. The exhibitors make a mistake in refusing to tell what they have done. They should let the millions who patronize the movies know all about the fight to keep the popular amusement out of monopoly control of the theaters not only but the product that is shown in the theaters. They should let the fifty million movie fans who see the films nightly, know which are the Trust and which the free and independent houses in every city. That is, they should do this and explain the exactions and extortions to which they are subjected, if the big daily papers will print anything at variance with the interests of the Trust backed by many millions of Wall street money. And along with publicity of this kind, if obtainable, should go action to bring the Trust to book under the Anti-Trust act. To let one gang of ignorant, greedy, ruthless and unscrupulous fellows get an exclusive grip on the people's amusement would be as bad almost as to let them get absolute control of the bread, for the crowd that controls the movies will use them to direct the people's thinking and probably to corrupt their morals.



Besmirching Mr. Bryan

THE suit entered against Mr. W. J. Bryan by a moving picture promoter for failure to carry out an agreement to produce a big film showing the prohibition fight throughout the ages, with Mr. Bryan as the hero of the epic, is an outrageous piece of business, if it be based as the newspapers assert upon some default of Mr. Bryan in the matter of securing remission of a heavy penalty imposed for violation of the liquor laws upon the man who was to finance the film. Any lawyer knows that no suit so based could stand in court. The allegation about the remission of the penalty as an inducement to secure the capital would kill the suit. The presence of such a provision in a contract would nullify it as

against public morals. The inference is, therefore, that the suit was instituted only with a view to besmirch the reputation of Mr. Bryan. No one believes that Mr. Bryan would enter such a deal as alleged. He is an honest man, as his very vagaries of proposed policies in government demonstrate, but even if he were not honest, it is inconceivable that he would be foolish enough to touch such a proposal as alleged with a ten foot pole. The filing of such a suit as the one so played up in the newspapers is not the clean practice of law; it is nothing but cheap and nasty politics.



Privilege Raids the Parks

THE adjournment of congress prevented the passage of two bills for the ravishment of Yellowstone Park. There is a steady pressure by certain private interests to get their hooks in upon the great scenic preserves, as has been frequently asserted in these columns. The public playgrounds of the nation are marks for the profiteers and concessionaires. The first of these proposed desecrations of the Yellowstone Park was fathered by Representative Smith of Idaho. It will be resurrected by him or someone else in the next session, so it will be well to remember its provisions, and, when the measure pops up again, to kill it by vigorous protests to congressmen. The bill grants to an Idaho corporation the right to build reservoirs and dig canals in the Falls Rivers country in the southwestern part of the park and to use the waters of the lakes there for irrigation purposes. "Bad as it is," says Mr. C. B. Reynolds, in a letter to the *New York Times*, "the Falls Rivers project is only the first of a series of similar schemes, for which plans have been drawn, to seize the other parts of the park for commercial exploitation. Among these plans is one no less audacious than an irrigation scheme which involves the damming of Yellowstone Lake at the outlet. This would raise the water level and flood the adjacent land, including the paint pot formations at the Thumb and some of the geysers, and would convert what is now one of the most interesting and characteristic features of the Yellowstone into an abomination of drowned lands." A bill like unto the one just described did pass the Senate. No one was watching. Some one should watch out for the Park and for all the preserves, to protect them from the rapacity of the "improver" and the "utilizer," in the interest of those who would enjoy the glories of nature therein. There were 62,261 visitors to the Yellowstone in 1919. The interest of those people should prevail over those of the exploiters who think only of the great domain as a source of profit in taxing visitors or selling electric power. The park is in danger of becoming a snap for corporations. It is for all the people and it is for them just as it is, with the minimum of man-made improvements for profit's sake. The bills to which I refer almost went over before anyone could interpose in the public's interest. The exploiters are always on watch. Every session of congress sees one of more attempts to get a cinch on the Yellowstone or other parks. Mostly they fail, but some day some big one won't fail and the park will be lost to the people. The parks now are too much run by the holders of privilege in them. The public is imposed upon. But complaint rarely gets response from the Interior Department. The parks are only a department of the Department. They should be managed by a department of Parks and Recreation, that would have nothing else to do. It would be a crime to let these wonderlands, pleasure grounds and outdoor sanatoria become the prey of the grafters of privilege. A Department of Parks and Recreation headed let us say by a man

like Enos Mills, floral and faunal naturalist, would be an assurance that the parks would be preserved and conserved to the use and enjoyment of the people for whom they were set aside.



Prosperity Wobbles

DISQUIETING news filters from Detroit, erstwhile the country's most prosperous industrial center, the home of the highest wages. It is news of a shutting down of great factories and of the departure from the city of high class mechanics and their families in trainloads. The boom is fizzled. The condition is said to be due to a restriction of the use of steel in the automobile and related industries. That steel is needed in the manufacture of things more necessary than the pleasure vehicle which everyone must have today, or be out of society. The restriction of credit by the banks has something to do with the slump also. But it all amounts to this, that the peak of prosperity has passed. And about that prosperity it is said that it shows its quality in the fact that most of the highly paid workers now leaving Detroit do so with little more than enough to pay their railroad fare. One company intimated to its workers that it was contemplating shutting down and the workers sent a delegation to the management asking that it advance the men to be let out, enough money to enable them to get along for a week at least while seeking other jobs. The man who told me this cited it as an illustration of the extravagance and wastefulness of the workers. There may be something in that, but it may be, too, that the cost of living in Detroit could not quite be caught up with by wages. Rent and food and clothing have "got the money." Booze got little of it within the past two years. But whatever the workers did with their money the important fact is that the slowing down of industry has come and that, in Detroit, where jobs were seeking men now men are seeking jobs. There are signs that this condition is coming in other cities. There are no signs, however, that men are seeking work on the farms and that is where workers are sadly needed. The prospects of decreased food production are alarming. There may be bread-lines in the big cities this winter. The daily papers are saying nothing about this. They continue to drivel a fatuous optimism. The politicians are doing nothing. The government is paralyzed or narcotized. It has no head and no co-ordination. The departments mark time or quarrel among themselves. Congress is dispersed until December. The administration is busy, if at all, only with the political campaign. The country is running at the mouth and running wild at the same time. The controllers of credit are putting the screws upon business as industriously as the snoopers are putting the lid on pleasure. The President insists that we shall not sell anything to Russia or to any country that may sell to Russia. England is selling goods everywhere. This country has not waked up to foreign business at all, or if it has, the administration does nothing to facilitate such business. We are in for hard times before very long. They will be all the harder because the government has no interest in the great question of trade and industry, being concerned only with vast and vague political policies of international humanitarianism. Soon people will be saying in this country that prevention of the heart-break of the world is all right, but when do we eat?

Now Nicholas Murray Butler says it was his strength with the New York delegation at Chicago that prevented consummation of the sale of the presidency to a motley gang of gamblers using General Wood's candidacy for

their purpose. Dr. Butler is evidently desirous of standing well with Mr. Harding in the event of that gentleman's election. A nice little foreign ambassadorship or something like that would be acknowledgment of his great service. Dr. Butler is only one of about seven thousand eight hundred and ninety-six original Harding men.

❖❖❖ Labor and Teachers

ST. LOUIS high-school teachers, organized into a trades union, dissolved their organization when the Board of Education ruled that any teacher belonging to a union affiliated with the American Federation of Labor would be dismissed. There was nothing else to do. There is a plentiful supply of high school teachers. It is in the grade school teachers rank that the demand exceeds the supply. The schools are a closed shop against union labor. I wonder what the American Federation of Labor is going to do for the school teachers. It has done little or nothing outside of a few perfunctory speech-makings. Does union labor care anything for any workers but those in the mechanical trades, except perhaps the musicians? Seemingly not. The unionists have a prejudice against all persons suspected as intellectuals. They put up no fight at all against the Board of Education's proscription of union teachers. Why? Is it because there are no profits in the operation of the schools of which the unionists can demand a share?

❖❖❖ The World-Wide Color Question

I PUBLISH this week, Mrs. Cassel's excellent *precis* of Mr. Lothrop Stoddard's book, "The Rising Tide of Color" as bearing upon the significance of Prof. Robert T. Kerlin's article last week upon "The Negro Fourth Estate." The two books, with Burghardt DuBois' book "Darkwater," indicate that the race question is taking on an immediately ominous aspect. For us the question has awful possibilities which need not be dwelt upon here. We have heard often of race hatred here, but thought it no more than a phrase. At most we felt if there was such a thing it existed only among a few whites and those not of the best in brain or character, but now we perceive, even in such a carefully composed article as Prof. Kerlin's, the beginning of a deep and desperate hatred of the blacks for the whites, and this hatred linking up the Negroes here with their barbarian brothers in Africa itself, with the further horrible complication that the blacks of the world drift towards the making of common cause with yellow men and brown men against the whites of all nations. "The rising tide of color" would seem to be more than a mere figure of speech. There is a terrifying suggestion about it when we relate it with and to the generally observed embitterment of our Negroes towards the dominant race. That something must be done is agreed by Mr. Stoddard, Professor Kerlin and Mr. DuBois. That something is being attempted we may believe when we read concerning the eleventh annual meeting of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, at Atlanta, Georgia, last week that "the Jim Crow laws of the state were suspended for the benefit of the delegates" and white Southerners of distinction addressed meetings in a way to show that they wanted to help towards better social relations. This last was the more remarkable when we consider that about a year ago, in Texas, Mr. John R. Shilladay, secretary of the Association, visiting colored men's organizations, was viciously assaulted by a minor judge for stirring up the blacks. Mr. Oswald Garrison Villard, friend of the Negro, says in his *Nation* that "one constructive suggestion that commissions on race relations be established in

every State has been received with consideration, and in many quarters with approval." Mr. Villard writes approvingly also of the action of the Republican National Committee's action at Chicago in passing a resolution against "the holding of party meetings in the South in places where it is 'the custom and practice to deny access to the colored people.'" Well, I was at the Chicago convention of the party to which the black man adheres, and it did not appear to me that the black man had a very good time of it. He was not much in the convention, and less outside of it. Indeed he was in fact a pathetic figure contrasted with what he is in theory and illustrated grievously the fact that the amendment to the constitution supposed to protect his freedom has been useful chiefly in strengthening privilege as against the community, as upholding property however accumulated rather than the right and the worth of the individual man, black or white. Nothing that I saw or heard at the Republican convention was in the least calculated to abate the antagonism of the Negro towards the white, which all competent observers declare to be growing in intensity. The book of Mr. Stoddard has a tendency to generate white fear of blacks, as Prof. Kerlin's article shows growing black resentment towards whites and Burghardt DuBois' book seems to preach tentatively a black crusade. It is in no alarmist spirit that I present the situation as events interpret it, but simply in the spirit of one who would show that the conditions call for action that will avert some hideous things that appear to be implicit in the changing relations between the races.

❖❖❖ Reed at San Francisco

SENATOR REED of Missouri is going to San Francisco to defend his right. His right is to sit in the convention as a delegate from the fifth district. The Democrats of that district chose him as one of their representatives but the state convention referred the choice back to the district, and the district will re-elect Senator Reed. If this is done the question of Senator Reed's right to his seat will not come up before the committee on credentials and there will be no fight to be carried to the floor of the convention. Senator Reed will not be the only Democrat on the delegation who holds the views he holds concerning President Wilson and his League of Nations. The delegation will not be solid for the Wilson candidate and more than Reed will probably refuse to abide by the state convention's declaration on the platform. Senator Reed will find some way to have his say in general opposition to Wilson and will say it tartly we may be sure. It is not likely that he will talk himself out of the party, because, I am told, he feels very badly about being tabu in his own state. Exactly how he is to stick to his principles and stay in a party controlled by the White House is not quite clear, but he will try to turn that trick. Certainly he will not bolt, because there is no place for him to go, except to the Socialists, and that is as to him unthinkable. The fact is that Missouri treated Reed abominably, and in doing so violated the home rule. The party cannot afford to gag Reed and the delegation as a whole from his own state will not be against him. We shall hear from Reed at the San Francisco pow-wow.

❖❖❖ The Missouri Scandal

IT used to be that Missouri had to be shown. Now the country believes Missouri has to be seen. The Republican bosses of the state sold the delegation to Lowden for \$38,000, denied receiving the money, then confessed and tried to explain. They didn't even divide the

money with the men who did the work or with the delegates who were bought. And then—they threw their vote against the man whose manager bought them and thus started the break that nominated Harding. They did not even stay bought. No wonder that when the state was called and it asked to be passed that the delegation be polled, the galleries responded with a sneering roar to the outcry of some one who said, "Count the cash!" The delegation as a whole ratified its own sale by a vote of confidence in the men who sold it. And now Liv Morse, the chief boodler, is denouncing as traitor every delegate who balked at having been sold. The whole affair is as rotten as anything ever known in politics. It was worse than the similar sale in Georgia, for ours was a performance by white men, except for the Negro delegate who protested. The state is disgraced before the country. Its Republican boodlers are not even on the level with those who buy them. They sold themselves, Lowden, the party. It was almost a certainty that Missouri would go Republican this year, but Messrs. Babler, Morse, Goldstein, Essen and the other "cattle" have made that impossible. They have even made it unlikely that the party shall carry the country. Worse than all that, however, they have done a tremendous work in destroying faith in the country's political system. The Missouri Republican leaders are the country's chief Bolsheviks. And the Missouri Republican party does not seem to be able to get rid of the grafters who ride and drive it. It cannot be that the party as a whole takes for motto the line of Omar Khayyam, "Take the cash and let the credit go."

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Hiram's Silence

HAS anyone noticed as yet a telegram of congratulation to Warren G. Harding of Ohio from Hiram W. Johnson of California? Can the latter be waiting for later returns which may change the apparent result of the Republican convention, as Mr. Hughes waited before congratulating Mr. Wilson on his election in 1916? Mr. Hughes, we recall, waited because he could not believe it possible that Mr. Johnson had apparently knifed him in California. Maybe Mr. Johnson is whetting his trusty blade again. Senator Lenroot is laying for Harding and will swat him hard if, as President, Harding should be unprogressive. Mr. Harding's nomination has not yet been made unanimous.

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WELL, whatever the faults of the Republican party, it possesses nothing to be compared with Burleson and Palmer, the two Grand Inquisitors.

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The Divine Dollar

THE Interchurch World Movement for the raising of \$400,000,000 and the christianization of everybody and the support of the economic *status quo* is having troubles of its own. The Presbyterian church has withdrawn its co-operation in the plan and now the Baptists threaten to do so. There have been two Baptist gatherings recently at which withdrawal of the church as a whole was recommended on the ground that obligations upon the part of the interchurch movement have not been fulfilled. This action is almost sensational in view of the fact that the movement has for its most conspicuous leader that eminent Baptist and millionaire, John D. Rockefeller, Jr. The fact is that the Movement is suspected of political tendencies masquerading in professions of religious purpose. The finances loom larger than faith: the \$400,000,000 are eclipsing God.

Shall East Put West to Bed?

By Lihian Cassells

"The white world stands today at the cross-roads of life and death."

*"The war * * was a headlong plunge into race suicide."*

*"For the white man to share his blood with or entrust his ideals to brown, black, yellow, or red men * * is suicide, pure and simple."*

"White control is menaced by a fatal weakness; it is political, not racial."

"We now know that men are not, and never will be, equal."

*"But one element should be fundamental. * * That element is blood."*

*"The Russo-Japanese war * * is momentous * * for what it revealed. The legend of white invincibility was shattered. * * It dramatized and clarified ideas which had been germinating in millions of colored minds, and Asia and Africa thrilled with joy and hope."*

*"Then * * white men hurled themselves furiously at each other's throats. * * The colored world * * saw white people locked in an internecine death-grapple of unparalleled ferocity. They looked in each other's eyes * * and through the bazaars of Asia ran the sibilant whisper: 'The East shall put the West to bed.'"*

THESE warnings, fraught with menace whose significance is pointed out in a masterly sketch of the evolution of white and colored man throughout the ages, are the pitch of Lothrop Stoddard's latest book, "The Rising Tide of Color." (Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.)

Side by side with this book, there lies before me another, written by an Afro-American author, W. E. Burghardt Du Bois, called "Darkwater." (Harcourt, Brace and Howe, New York.) From the latter book I have drawn a few phrases, cunningly concealed, it is true, in a welter of emotional appeal for justice to an oppressed race, yet standing out in grim corroboration of some of the assertions made in Mr. Stoddard's scholarly thesis.

The white race, whose achievements in culture and civilization Mr. Stoddard traces through history until, he says, "at the close of the nineteenth century the white man stood as the indubitable master of the world," is analyzed in a scientific and at the same time a fascinating sketch of its geographical, ethnical, physical, mental, and spiritual progression. He then proceeds to describe in brief but dramatic periods the age-old conflict which has existed between this white race and the four inferior races, (grouped in one as "colored") yellow, brown, black, and red. He shows the menace to the white race as he declares it now threatened by color hatred as something so perilous to the future that "a million years of human evolution may go uncrowned, and earth's supreme life-product, man, may never fulfill his potential destiny."

Of the "white flood," Mr. Stoddard says: "The world-wide expansion of the white race during the four centuries between 1500 and 1900 is the most prodigious phenomena in all recorded history." Showing that the white population of Europe at about 1480 was static, he explains: "Europe had been hideously scourged by the Bubonic plague. * * European life had been intensive and recessive ever since the fall of the Roman Empire a thousand years before. * * Europe had undergone a millenium of Asiatic aggression. * * With a stationary or declining population, exposed to the assaults of powerful external foes, and racked by internal pains betokening the demise of the mediaeval order, white Europe's future appeared a far from happy one. * * The ocean was a numbing, constricting presence, the

abode of darkness and horror. No wonder mediaeval Europe was static, since it faced on ruthless, aggressive Asia, and backed on nowhere."

Then, says Mr. Stoddard, Columbus discovered America, Vasco de Gama found the way to India, and in the twinkling of an eye dead-end Europe became mistress of the ocean—thereby mistress of the world. No such strategic opportunity had ever been vouchsafed. "And," says the author, "the white man proved worthy of his opportunity. * * The hammer of Asiatic invasion, clanging for a thousand years on the brown-yellow anvil, had tempered the iron of Europe into the finest steel. The white man could think, could create, could fight superlatively well. No wonder the redskins and negroes feared him as a god, while the somnolent races of the Farther East, stunned by this strange apparition rising from the pathless ocean, offered no effective opposition.

"Four hundred years of unbroken triumph naturally bred in the white race an instinctive belief that its expansion would continue indefinitely. * * This uncritical optimism was fortified by ill-assimilated knowledge. * * Biologists had recently formulated the law of the survival of the fittest. * * The public, in conformity with prevailing optimism, promptly interpreted 'fittest' as synonymous with 'best,' in utter disregard of the grim truth that by 'fittest' nature denotes only the type best adapted to existing conditions of environment, and that if the environment favors a low type, this low type will win, regardless of all other considerations. So again with economics. A generation ago relatively few persons realized that low-standard men would drive out high-standard men, as inevitably as bad money drives out good. * * These are but two instances of shallow, cock-sure nineteenth-century optimism, destined to be so swiftly and tragically disillusioned.

"Nineteen hundred was, indeed, the high-water mark of the white tide. At that moment the white man stood on the pinnacle of his prestige and power. * * The flash of the Japanese guns across the murky waters of Port Arthur revealed to a startled world—the beginning of the ebb."

Mr. Stoddard fixes the increase of the white race in these four centuries as between forty and fifty-fold. And the transformation of the world during the nineteenth century following the discoveries of steam, electricity, petrol, the Hertzian wave—the amount of wealth amassed by the white world in general and by Europe in particular—(twenty-fold in one hundred years) he marks as among the splendid achievements of the nineteenth century.

"But," continues the inexorable analyst, "there was a seamy side to this cloth of gold. The vices of our age * * can mostly be summed up by the word 'materialism.' Civilized man had just entered a new material world. * * It is a scientific truism that organism, in order to survive, must adapt itself to its environment. Therefore, any change of environment must evoke an immediate readjustment. * * Speed is essential. Nature brooks no delays. * * The race has instinctively sensed this necessity, and has bent its best energies to the task, particularly on the materialistic side. * * But the changed character of our civilization called for idealistic adaptations no less sweeping. These were neglected, because their necessity was not so compellingly patent. * * Losing sight of his idealism, nineteenth-century man evolved a thoroughly materialistic philosophy. * * Nature takes no excuses. She demands results, and when these are not forthcoming she inexorably inflicts her penalties."

Showing thus the tendency of the time toward a faltering racial vitality, the theme continues: "The

lesson is always the same, namely, that race is everything. Without race there can be nothing except the slave wearing his master's clothes, stealing his master's proud name, adopting his master's tongue, and living in the crumbling ruins of his master's palace."

Mr. Stoddard says the disastrous consequences of failure to realize this basic truth was exemplified in white world-politics during the half century preceding the Great War. That period was dominated by two antithetical schools; national imperialism and internationalism. Adherents of these schools combated one another, wrangling among themselves. They disregarded the basic significance of race, together with its immediate corollary, the essential solidarity of the white world.

The inevitable hatred of the colored races toward the conquering white hosts is pictured by Mr. Stoddard in an analysis of conditions no less studious. He digs into the heart of the Yellow Peril, into the menacing growth of sympathy and co-operation between yellow and brown, into the convergence of these two in a new brotherhood with the black tribes of the dark continent, and into the alarming spread of the followers of Islam from Asia, India, and into and through black Africa. He marks the constantly-growing solidarity between yellow, brown, and black races, throughout their far-flung branches. But most marked, most menacing, of the perils which today threaten white supremacy, Mr. Stoddard points to Japan, watchful, clever, educated in Western civilization, patient, persistent, cunning, crafty, Oriental.

"Immediately after her victory with Russia," says Mr. Stoddard, "Japan set herself to strengthen her influence all over Eastern Asia. Asiatic students were invited to attend Japanese universities, and did attend by thousands, while a whole series of societies was formed, having for their object the knitting of close cultural and economic ties between Japan and specific regions like China, Siam, the Pacific, and India. The capstone was a Pan-Asiatic Association, founded by Count Okuma. Some of the facts regarding these societies, about which too little is known, make interesting reading. For instance: 'For a century the Pacific Ocean has been a battle ground wherein the nations have struggled for supremacy. Today the prosperity or decadence of a nation depends on its power in the Pacific; to possess the empire of the Pacific is to be the master of the world. As Japan finds itself at the center of that ocean, it must reflect carefully and have clear views on the Pacific question.'" (Preamble of Pacific Ocean Society.)

Mr. Stoddard describes the world-wide propaganda scattered by Japan through the yellow and brown world. "Japanese foreign policy has one minimum objective: Japan as hegemon of a Far East in which white influences shall have been reduced to a vanishing quality. * * Japan's territorial acquisitions were definitely written into the peace treaty, despite China's sullen veto. Japan also took advantage of the occasion to pose as the champion of the colored races by urging the formal promulgation of racial equality as part of the peace settlement. * * It advertised Japan broadcast as the standard bearer of the colored cause. * * The notable progress Japan has made toward the mastery of the Far East is written plainly on the map. Japan now owns the whole island chain marking the eastern sea frontage of Asia, from the tip of Kamchatka to the Philippines, while her acquisition of Germany's Oceanic islands north of the equator gives her important strategic outposts in mid-Pacific. Her bridge heads on the Asiatic continent are strong and well located. From the Korean peninsula (now an integral part of Japan) she firmly grasps the vast Chinese dependency of Manchuria, while just south of Manchuria across the narrow waters of the Pechili strait lies the rich Chinese province of Shantung, become a Japanese sphere of influence as a result of the late war. Thus Japan holds China's capital, Peking, as in the jaws of a vise, and can apply military pressure whenever she so desires. In Southern China

lies another Japanese sphere of influence, the province of Fukien, opposite the Japanese Island of Formosa. Lastly, all over China runs a veritable network of Japanese concessions.

"There lies a danger, not merely for the peace of the Far East, but for the peace of the world. Fired by a fervent patriotism; resolved to make their country a leader among the nations; the Japanese writhe at the constriction of their present race bounds. * * Japan sees herself condemned to ultimate renunciation of her grandiose ambitions unless she can somehow broaden the racial as well as the political basis of her power: In short: 'Japan must find lands where Japanese can breed by the tens of millions if she is not to be automatically overshadowed in course of time.'"

Mr. Stoddard quotes from a Japanese imperialist pronouncement written in the autumn of 1916:

"Fifty millions of our race wherewith to conquer and possess the earth! * * China is our steed; for we shall ride upon her! Even as Rome rode Latium to conquer Italy, and Italy to conquer the Mediterranean; even as Napoleon rode Italy and the Rhenish states to conquer Germany, and Germany to conquer Europe; even as today England rides her colonies and her so-called allies to conquer her robust rival, Germany—even so shall we ride China. * * In 1895 we conquered China—Russia, Germany, and France took from us the booty. * * In ten years we punished and retook our own from Russia; in twenty years we squared and retook from Germany; with France there is no need for haste. * * * As for America—that fatuous booby with much money and much sentiment—not a foe, but an immense melon, ripe for the cutting. * * *

"But, using China as our steed, should our first goal be the land? India? Or the Pacific, the sea that must be our very own?"

"North America alone will support a billion people; that billion shall be Japanese with their slaves. Not arid Asia, nor worn-out Europe, nor yet tropical Africa, is fit for our people. But North America * * * should have been ours by right of discovery; it shall be ours by the higher, nobler right of conquest."

Such extravagances as the above, Mr. Stoddard says, do not represent the whole of Japan; but they do represent a powerful element. Later on in the book he points to the persistence with which Japan, in spite of immigration restrictions, has gained a foothold in our Pacific states; and to the hordes of Japanese and Chinese who have their eyes on the whole of Latin America.

The 1,150,000,000 horde of colored people alive today, contrasted with 550,000,000 white—the increasing population among colored races—aided by the civilizing and educational influences of the white race, Mr. Stoddard proves in a formidable array of statistics. Their burning hatred and jealousy of the white race; their ever-growing solidarity as a force against white supremacy; their constantly piling up strength and mastery of the white man's methods—he shows through pages of tensely thrilling figure and fact.

Here, distinctively pertinent to Mr. Stoddard's story, comes a phrase or two from Burghardt Du Bois' book, "Darkwater":

"Hear us, O heavenly Father! Doth not this justice of hell stink in thy nostrils, O God? How long shall the mounting flood of innocent blood roar in thine ears and pound in our hearts for vengeance? Pile the pale frenzy of blood-crazed brutes, who do such deeds, high on thine altar, Jehovah Jireh, and burn it in hell forever and forever!"

"Sit not longer blind, Lord God, deaf to our prayer and dumb to our dumb suffering. Surely Thou, too, art not white, O Lord, a pale, bloodless, heartless thing! * * *

"Selah! In Yonder East trembles a star. Ven-

geance is mine; I will repay, saith the Lord!"—(*A Litany at Atlanta*.)

"Do we sense somnolent writhings in black Africa or angry groans in India or triumphant banzais in Japan? 'To your tents, O Israel! These nations are not white!'"

"Everything considered, the title to the universe claimed by White Folk is faulty. * * Here is a civilization that has boasted much. Neither Roman nor Arab, Greek nor Egyptian, Persian nor Mongol ever took himself with such disconcerting seriousness as the modern white man."

And this paragraph, quoted from an article "The African Roots of War," written by the same Du Bois and published in the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1915: "These nations and races, composing as they do a vast majority of humanity, are going to endure this treatment just as long as they must, and not a moment longer. Then they are going to fight, and the War of the Color Line will outdo in savage inhumanity any war the world has yet seen. For colored folk have much to remember, and they will not forget."

Going back to Mr. Stoddard: After showing the slow-gathering solidarity of colored races being welded into a common hatred for the white man, there is a chapter showing the material, physical and spiritual effects of the war on white power. "Professor Ernest L. Bogert places the direct costs of the war at \$186,000,000,000; and the indirect costs \$151,000,000,000, arriving at the stupendous total of \$337,000,000,000. "Yet prodigious as have been the destruction of wealth, the destruction of life has been even more serious. * * The total loss of life directly attributable to the war is probably fully 40,000,000, while if decreased birthrates be added, the total would be nearly 50,000,000. * * * The disgenic affects are simply appalling. It was essentially a civil war between closely related white stocks; a war wherein every physical and mental effective was gathered up and hurled into a hell of lethal machinery that killed out unerringly the youngest, the bravest, and the best. * * "

Mr. Stoddard here quotes some comments of Will Irwin: "I take it for granted that the bravest are the best, physically and spiritually. * * Now, in this meat mill, it is the bravest who lead the charges. * * In conscript countries, there is a process of selection by which the best go out to die, while the weakest remain. The undersized, the undermuscled, the underbrained, the men twisted by hereditary deformity or devitalized by hereditary disease—they remain at home to perpetuate the breed."

Mr. Irwin gauged the racial cost by the physical criterion. A leading English scholar obtained alarming results by applying the test of genius: he analyzed casualty lists "filled with names which * * would certainly have been made illustrious for splendid service to the great cause of life. * * The spiritual loss to the universe cannot be computed." And an American biologist: "It is safe to say that among the millions killed will be a million who are carrying *superlatively* effective inheritances—the dependence of the race's future. Nothing is more absurd than the notion that these inheritances can be replaced in a few generations by encouraging the fecundity of the survivors. They are gone forever." Havelock Ellis says: "It is probable that for every 10,000,000 soldiers who fall in the field, 50,000,000 other persons at home are plunged into grief, or poverty, or some form of life-diminishing trouble."

"This dearth of youth will not be easily repaired. Europe's convalescence must be a slow and difficult one."

Economically, Mr. Stoddard pictures the darkness of Europe's outlook—her poverty—the fatal drain of her idealistic forces—the chaos of spiritual, moral, even intellectual values which exist today. "The coming years will be bleak, in respect of all the generous and gracious things which are the product of

leisure and of minds not wholly taken up by the necessity to live by bread alone. For a generation the world will have to concentrate upon material problems."

Against this weakened and devitalized white race, concludes Mr. Stoddard, the Rising Tide of Color batters with avid and greedy force. Speaking of the dangers from the weakening of the pure Nordic race stock which blessed America until the breaking of the modern immigrant tide against our shores, Mr. Stoddard sees in our hospitality another phase of the weakening of the purer white race. "The perturbing influence of recent immigration must vex American life for many decades. * * If the 'melting-pot' is allowed to boil without control * * the type of native American of colonial descent will become as extinct as the Athenian of the age of Pericles and the Viking of the age of Rollo."

Finally: "In every quarter of the globe, in Asia, Latin America, and the United States, Bolshevik agitators whisper in the ears of discontented colored men their gospel of hatred and revenge. * * Its results already show in the most diverse quarters, and they are ominous for the future."

"So ends our survey of the white world as it emerges from the Great War. * * Weakened and impoverished by Armageddon, handicapped by an unconstructive peace, and facing internal Bolshevik disaffection which must at all costs be mastered, the white world is ill prepared to confront the rising tide of color."

And what is to be done? Mr. Stoddard does not leave the race without hope, although he reiterates the need for speedy action. "Grave as is the situation, it is not yet irreparable, any more than Greece's condition was hopeless after Aegospotami. It was not the Peloponnesian War which sealed Hellas' doom, but the cycle of political anarchy and moral chaos of which the war was merely an opening phase. Our world is too vigorous for even the Great War, of itself, to prove a mortal wound. * * * "The White World thus still has its choice. But it must be a positive choice. Decisions—firm decisions—must be made. Constructive measures—drastic measures—must be taken. Above all: Time presses, and drift is fatal. The tide ebbs. The swimmer must put forth strong strokes to reach the shore. Else—swift oblivion in the dark ocean."

"First and foremost, the wretched Versailles business will have to be thoroughly revised. * * Dragon's teeth have been sown over both Europe and Asia, and unless they be plucked up they will presently grow a crop of cataclysms that will seal the white world's doom."

"Secondly, some sort of provisional understanding must be arrived at between the white world and renaissance Asia. We whites will have to abandon our tacit assumption of permanent dominion over Asia, while Asiatics will have to forego their dreams of migration to white lands and penetration of Africa and Latin America."

"Thirdly, even within the white world, migration of lower human types like those which have worked such havoc in the United States must be rigorously curtailed. Such migrations upset standards, sterilize better stocks, increase low types, and compromise national futures more than war, revolutions, or native deterioration."

"We have our task—God knows it is a hard one—the salvage of a shipwrecked world. * * Ours is to make possible that happier age whose full fruits we shall never see. * * Well, what of it? Does not the new idealism teach us that we are links in a vital chain, charged with high duties both to the dead and the unborn?"

"In very truth, we are at once sons of sires who sleep in calm assurance that we will not betray the trust they confided to our hands, and sires of sons who in the Beyond wait confident that we shall not cheat them of their birthright."

Letters from the People

The Shakespeare Myth

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

The debate over the authorship of the Shakespeare plays is both confused and confusing. It proves nothing. That William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon did not write them—could by no reasonable conjecture have written them—ought to be, and is, clear to intelligent, unbiased minds. But, his name upon the title page, assuredly to conceal the

author of the plays, establishes a claim not easy to upset on the one hand and opens a vista of varied though unconvincing speculation on the other.

The play-actors to a man are committed to the Shakespeare end of it. He was a play-actor. That has given permanency and momentum to the myth. The multiplicity of claimants has kept it going. One theory refutes another theory, so that the general reader is left in a maze of contradictory chatter.

My own guess—we can only guess—

has always been that Christopher Marlowe wrote the plays. He is the only dramatist of that period whose known production can be called "Shakespearean." It is of record that he was baptised the 26th of February, 1564, at Canterbury, where he was born, and given out that he was killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford, June 1, 1593. Suppose he was not killed—that it was "the other fellow;" that he—Marlowe—was spirited out of England to the continent, and we have an answer to several queries. It explains

why, a refugee from justice, he could not appear as the author of any more plays; how and why his friend Shakespeare, one of the managers of the Globe Theater, had need to protect his concealment whilst producing his plays; and it accounts for the story and color of those of the plays which are located in Italy and France.

Doubtless "Sweet Will" was an engaging fellow. But that likewise proves nothing. The three, and only three, signatures extant are those of a rustic. His last "will and testament" is that of a rustic. It is preposterous, inconceivable that between the years 1586, when he went up to London and "held horses in the alley back of the theater," and 1610, when he returned to Stratford, "a comparatively rich man," he could have written "Hamlet" and "Macbeth" and "Othello," the comedies and poems which stand in his name.

But who did actually write them will never be known.

My guess, however, is Christopher Marlowe.

HENRY WATTERSON,
"Mansfield," Jeffersonton, Ky.



In Defense of Animal Experimentation

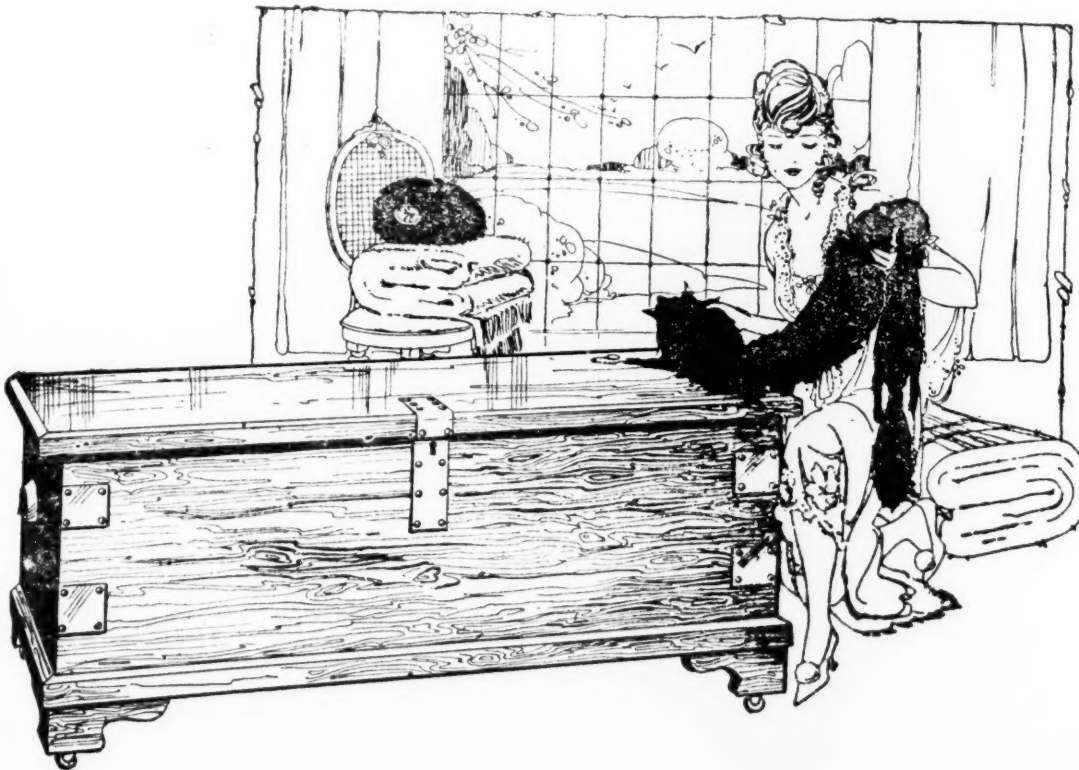
St. Louis, Mo., June 2, 1920.

Editor of Reedy's Mirror:

From the local papers and your sympathetic comment it is apparent that post-bellum sentimentalism is having its fling, and the spinsters, male, female, married and single, who enlivened the late unpleasantness with maledictions on the inventors of gas warfare, have taken to landing the use of sulphur gas to terminate the usefulness of stray dogs. Unable to show their noble spirit by doling out "goldfish" and peanut butter at the Y. and knitting socks with impossible heels, these useful members have set up the cry about something they know nothing of, and have never taken the trouble to see. As most of the men who do vivisection are interested in more vital problems than dishing out pap to morbid women, very little will be heard from anyone who has seen animal experimentation, but perhaps you might think it worth while to show the other side of the question.

I will discuss here not the experiments done by research workers, such as Crile, Carrel, and Flexner, as the value of such work, no matter if pain were inflicted, testifies its worth. As a matter of fact, the pain caused, even were these experiments done without anaesthetics, would be far less than that of a single season's quail hunting. I wish to compare here the student experimentation which is done year in and year out, merely to train hands and minds, with the electrocution method of disposing of dogs.

Anyone who has taken ether without morphine can testify to its unpleasant effects while going under, and as for the customary sulphur fume method, only survivors of gas attacks can have an idea of that form of torture. In electrocution the dog has a period of ten or twenty seconds intense pain before unconsciousness ensues: its death serves merely to end a useless career.



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In animal experimentation, when ether is used, morphine is always given first, not merely to lessen the discomfort, but because it makes the animals easier to handle. A few laboratories do not use morphine, but all use ether routinely, and none would find fault with legal enforcement of preliminary narcotics. Under these conditions, and especially in most of the experimental research where urethane and similar drugs are given by mouth, the animal never feels any pain whatsoever. Even the discomfort of subsequent ether is completely dulled. At the end of the experiment the animal is sacrificed, usually with ether, having felt nothing more unpleasant than a pin prick when the morphia was given. It has helped improve the students' operative skill, has been the means of demonstrating theoretical knowledge to be true, and been a source of income to the city.

No one who has seen an experimental laboratory at work and seen animals suffocated with gas or stung by electric shocks could call the latter either the more useful or the less painful method of getting rid of stray dogs. If the subscribers of *Life* want to sob, they could with greater basis lament the Red Cross dog finally succumbing to asthma than his peaceful exodus under morphia.

Yours for more sense and less slush,

YOUNG BARBARIAN

❖❖

A Soldier Speaks

614 N. Commonwealth Ave.,
Los Angeles, Cal., June 8, 1920.

Editor of *Reedy's Mirror*:

"Housewife" in your last issue takes a fling or two at the four million men and women who did the dying and risking of lives in the war just past.

If she had done her part, as she says, she'd have a friendly and sympathetic feeling of brotherhood or sisterhood for us instead of what frankness compels me to term copperheadism.

The war made ten or fifteen or twenty thousand millionaires, which means ten or fifteen or twenty billion dollars of blood money made while seventy-five thousand of our finest men and women were sacrificing their lives for the country at large. Lives were sacrificed lavishly for the common good. Then why shouldn't every cent of the billions of blood money gotten by graft, excess wages and profits be taken for the common good? Is it because Americans have sunk to such beasts as to hold ill-gotten property above human life? Did Mrs. Housewife write you, Mr. Editor, and object to the thousands and millions some were making while others were making the sacrifices? Did she object sarcastically and "shabbily" to the loaning of ten billions to Europe?

Was it fair to send young Smith to war to at least risk his life for the common good at a dollar a day and permit young Jones and old man Brown to stay where their skins were safe and pile up their thousands and millions and billions in blood money? It's these blood-money people and big, husky draft evaders who object to a paltry lift of four or five hundred dollars to those who made the sacrifices.

Is America made up largely of grafters, profiteers and ingrates?

The picture of seventy-five thousand

soldiers, sailors, nurses, etc., sacrificing their precious lives for the common good while tens of millions of the stay-at-homes were piling up blood money hand over fist is indeed a beastly one, but it is literally true. No one is justly in possession of a cent above what he would have earned or made had there been no war.

You object to giving a soldier a few hundred and at the same time make him struggle the rest of his life to help pay the twenty-six billions represented by graft, excess wages and profits? You people who have so many billions of blood money unjustly!

The plan to put soldiers on reclaimed land if carried out properly would benefit the country at large. Five billions carefully invested by the government would grow into twenty or twenty-five billions in less than a generation. The sooner done the better. If something of the kind isn't done, it will take still a greater sum to pay the same men pensions, support them in idleness in soldiers' homes, etc., etc. Five billions would place more than a million families on forty-acre farms, leveled, planted, houses built, and implements and stock furnished. Just think what it would mean to the whole country! It could not and would not fail if honestly managed.

It isn't charity, soft soap, nor cheap sarcasm, but a square deal that soldiers ask. No one should expect or get any more.

I hope that the failure of Congress to pass the bonus bill means that they will do it in the next session in a much more scientific and substantial way, keeping in mind the common good as well as that of the soldier.

What Europe owes us would do it twice over. Why not collect enough of it to do it with?

JOHN SHERMAN,
Ex-soldier, two wars.

❖❖❖

No Relief

A negro who had an injured head entered a doctor's office. "Hello, Sam! Got cut again, I see." "Yes, sah, I done got carved up with a razor, doc." "Why don't you keep out of bad company?" said the physician, after he had dressed the wound. "Deed I'd like to, doc, but I aint got 'nuff money to git a divorce."

❖❖

"I asked that beautiful shopgirl if she didn't hear the movies calling her." "And what did she reply?" "Being as sensible as she is beautiful, she said the only time her artistic temperament comes to the surface and makes her feel as if she could really act is when she is having a row with a floorwalker."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

❖❖

Willis, Sr.—I'm a self-made man. Made my money by hard work. Do you know what that means?

Willis, Jr.—Sure. It means you were not clever enough to graft it, lucky enough to have it left to you, or handsome enough to marry it.—*Town Topics*.

❖❖

Customer—Waiter, give me some hash, please. Waiter (ex-army cook, shouting back to the cook)—Clean up the kitchen. —*American Legion Weekly*.

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Books of the Day

Two fat fishermen lived side by side in peace and concord on the more remote shores of Long Island Sound. It was an evil day when each took unto himself a wife, because *Tunnygate's* wife was a termagant who promptly introduced the serpent into their paradise. She conceived a violent hatred for her neighbors, and immediately the *Appleboy's* flower pots mysteriously fell off the piazza, their thole pins disappeared, their fish lines became entangled, their milk bottles vanished and—most poignant of

all—their cherished lawn showed abuse! *Tunnygate* took up his wife's quarrel and upon her behest began to trespass on the lawn for sheer provocativeness, holding that his quondam friend had improved not his own plot but, by a trick of inaccurate surveying, that which belonged to the public domain. At first they ceased speaking and then they indulged in insulting epithets. When life had reached the unbearable stage *Mrs. Appleboy* remembered that her aunt possessed a valuable watch-dog named *Andrew*, who would permit no trespassers on his master's premises. So she wrote

auntie that she was lonely and a dog would be great company—and *Andrew* arrived. *Appleboy* posted a conspicuous sign, "Beware the dog!" but the dog being invisible *Mrs. Tunnygate* decided the sign was merely a bluff, so the obedient *Mr. Tunnygate* took his customary promenade across his neighbor's lawn and walked kerplunk! into *Andrew's* jaws. *Andrew* held on until *Tunnygate* was reduced to tatters and both were many miles from home. It was a great day for the settlement when *Tunnygate* was brought to his cottage door in an ambulance, and a greater one

when *Appleboy* was carted away in the patrol. Then followed the trial, wherein *Appleboy's* lawyer, the redoubtable and resourceful *Tutt*, secured a verdict of acquittal on the ground that not *Appleboy*, but *Andrew*, should have been brought to trial. He presented legal precedent from biblical to colonial times showing that animals were tried and punished for such misdemeanors. There was the usual technicality loophole too. And there was the sympathy of the jurors. Also the judge had once lived in the same little town with *Andrew* and knew him by reputation.

This is the skeleton of a hilariously funny story, "The Dog Andrew," real enough to be history, of the nine which comprise "Tutt and Mr. Tutt," written by Arthur Train and published by Scribner's. Its kindly humor, good-natured raillery at the foibles of men, and the exposition of some amazing features of our code of laws, make it an excellent book for summer diversion.

If the desperate editors daily inundated under a constantly growing stream of mss. only knew it, each has at hand an effective weapon of self-defence, which would automatically lessen the number and force of the attacks upon his time and serenity and improve the quality of his mail. Instead of sending a neatly engraved buff card with the legend—I select at random from a large collection—

"The enclosed ms. is not available for this publication. This is not to say that it lacks merit. In the great volume of matter submitted for consideration it is inevitable that much must be declined for reasons having nothing whatever to do with its literary quality. Because of this plenitude of offerings it is impossible to go into the specific reason why any particular contribution is regretfully returned."

he could have something like this:

"Sincerely regret the enclosed ms. does not fit our needs. See p. . . . "Lure of the Pen" by Flora Klickmann (Putnam's).

Of course that isn't quite so tactful, but it would have the good effect mentioned above. According to the page cited the author would learn that though he did well in writing the bit of verse that clamored to be jotted down, that bit of verse should be rewritten and rewritten before being offered for publication; or he will find himself urged to write poetry as a method of learning how to write good prose, etc. Any editor will appreciate that this advice if followed would eliminate approximately ninety-nine per cent of the "poetry" mailed him.

Another lot of gratuitous work which the budding author unblushingly foists upon the busy editor is the reading of long mss. which on their face are unsuited for the needs of that particular publication. The author will say "If you can't use this, I'd appreciate your frank opinion of its merits," apparently oblivious to the many schools and universities which conduct departments for just this work, and the poor overworked conscientious editor, out of the charity of his heart, wades through these worthless mss. and then tactfully breaks the news in such a way as not to break the spirit.

How simple to refer him instead to the chapter in "The Lure of the Pen," which insists upon a minute analysis of a standard work as a means of determining how it was written and of its use as a model in the creation of new fic-

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tion, that is, to learn to do by doing. What the author needs to learn and what Miss Klickmann impresses upon him is that writing correlates *work*, that instead of expecting others to read his worthless amateurish preliminary productions, he must *study* the requirements of the reading public as expressed in magazines and books and strive to meet these requirements. He must realize that as neither an untrained artist nor tailor can sell the product of his unskilled hand, likewise neither can he.

It will be observed that Miss Klickmann not only tells what a ms. should be; she tells how to make it so. Not content with that, each page, each word, is a living exemplar of her doctrine. Briefly, she puts it thus: "Remember that the object of writing is not the covering of so much blank paper, nor the stringing together of syllables; it is the transference from the author's brain to other people's brains of certain thoughts and situations and sensations. And the best writing is that which conveys, by the simplest and most direct means, the clearest reproduction of the author's ideas. . . . Whatever the length of your story it is well to remember that there should be one main idea at the back of all (apart from the wedding); also a framework, to which is added a certain amount of secondary matter that is well balanced and introduced with a definite object in view; the characters must bear a fixed relation to the whole; and there must be a climax, concealed from the reader, as far as possible, till the last moment, but ever present in the writer's mind as the goal toward which every incident, indeed every paragraph, in the story trends." And whatever the object or style of the work, it must entertain (not necessarily amuse), it must grip the attention, else its message never reaches. Miss Klickmann is master of that art and for good measure includes a smile or a chuckle wherever it is not out of place.

If the foregoing is not sufficient evidence that Miss Klickmann speaks authoritatively, let me add that she has several books to her credit, and for many years has been editor of "The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine" of London.

Wearily and hungry a tall young college man rolled into a cowboys' camp on a bicycle, acting as road agent for a household device of universal usefulness. The bicycle excited more comment than the All-in-One, and only one of the rangers essayed to ride it. His steed conquered, the newcomer was challenged to ride a horse, an outlaw that no man had ever ridden. He surprised them by breaking the horse to his will, thereby winning the horse and the title of "Duke of Chimney Butte." That is merely the introduction to a thriller of the days when the West could be truthfully described as "wild and woolly." The hero avenges the murder of his friend before the sun sets on the first day. Adventure and romance follow fast: he races with the train for the favor of a woman's fluttering handkerchief, then starts on a search for her. He is stabbed and slugged and tied to his horse and driven through a field of burning shale. But he lives and exterminates

his enemies, and the end of the tale finds him master of a ranch and husband of a noble woman. It's a good summer-time story, differing from similar ones in the absence of braggadocio. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.)

About Tonnage

With the new growth of America's shipping and the passage of the Merchant-Marine bill by Congress, tonnage, as a shipping term, has greater significance for Americans.

Tonnage has a variety of applications that are puzzling except to those in the shipping trade. A study of America's merchant marine by the Bankers' Trust Company makes clear the various definitions of the term.

Ordinarily in discussing shipping three different kinds of tonnage terms are used. They are deadweight tonnage, gross tonnage and net tonnage. Actually, however, there are five different kinds of tonnage. The other two are displacement tonnage and cargo tonnage.

Deadweight tonnage signifies the maximum weight of cargo, bunkers, consumable stores and all weight, including passengers and crew, that a vessel carries when loaded to its deep-load line.

Gross tonnage is the term commonly used in relation to merchant vessels, and applies to vessels, not cargo. The term gross tonnage is held in official reports

to express in units of 100 cubic feet the entire cubical capacity of the vessel, including the spaces occupied by cabins, engines, boilers and coal bunkers.

Net tonnage construes the net ton as equaling 100 cubic feet of carrying capacity, exclusive of deductions for space occupied by cabins, machinery, fuel, etc. Displacement tonnage signifies the weight of a vessel, in tons of 2,240 pounds, and is equal to the weight of water displaced by the ship.

Cargo tonnage means the various forms of cargo tons and tonnage expressing the quantity of cargo and cargo capacity on an ocean-going vessel. Cargo tonnage may be recorded either in weight or measurement tons.



The Misses' Store Shows Frocks Symbolic of Youth

AT no time does the Misses' Store come into its own quite so much as during the Summer months. Symbolic of youth and youthful joys are the Frocks of the season, and of the hundreds of wonderfully beautiful ones available, we have selected with utmost care a great number of varied kinds and arrayed them here for your choosing.

In a tailored way one finds smart checked gingham, suitable for morning wear, and aristocratic Linen Frocks. Organdie appears many times among the lighter Frocks—one particularly charming one shows a fascinating combination of filet and organdie. Voile, too, is frequently seen in figured, plain or striped designs.

The prices are quite attractively placed, beginning at \$12.75, they range \$18.50, \$24.75, \$29.75, \$55.00

Summer Dresses of Silk

Priced, \$35.00 to \$79.50

Figured Georgette Dresses, Mignonette Silk Dresses, Dresses of lace and of French net are shown in distinctive modes for girls from 14 to 20 years. (Third Floor.)

STIX BAER & FULLER

GRAND-LEADER

Marts and Money

In the New York stock market prices continue to improve, slowly, but surely. This can be said especially with regard to popular industrial shares, the dividend possibilities of which excite more or less romancing in brokerage offices. One of the most prominent features of trading, in the last few days, was Crucible Steel common. Its price rose more than ten points, mostly on covering of short contracts entered into by parties who had failed to draw the proper lesson from the harrowing experience recently suffered by short sellers at the hands of Allan Ryan *et al.*

United States Steel common is selling at 94½, after an advance to 95. Inquiry for these shares is stimulated by increas-

ing hopes of another long season of big business and swelling profits. The May statement of the Steel Corporation revealed another considerable addition to the total of unfilled orders, and there can scarcely be any doubt that the exhibit for the current month will clearly witness to progressive improvement in the principal industry of the country. The finances of the corporation are in excellent condition. There can be no questioning of the safety of the present rate of common dividend, the accumulated surplus being of amazing proportions—in excess of \$200,000,000. With facts such as these staring us in the face, the quotation for the common stock is bound to be above 100 again in the near future.

Concerning the money market Wall

Street is of a less tremulous state of mind, though charges for call loans still range from 6 to 10 per cent. The associated banks and trust companies now hold surplus reserves of \$38,098,910. This is the best record for several weeks, and should therefore help invigorate faith in a satisfactory solution of the monetary difficulties. For obvious reasons, the recuperative course in Wall Street values is frequently interrupted by more or less sudden reactions. There are days when unpleasant facts come thick and fast.

The other day a promising little bulge in prices disappeared almost completely upon the news that the Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul & Omaha Railway Company, controlled by the Chicago & Northwestern, had lowered its semi-annual dividend from \$3.50 to \$1.25. The immediate result was a perpendicular fall not only in the quotation for Omaha common, but also in that of Northwestern common, now 65, against a high mark of 105 in 1919. Nine years ago the stock was looked upon as one of the most desirable railroad investments at 150. The Northwestern, it must be remembered, is one of the Vanderbilt properties. Securities bearing the halo of the Vanderbilts have always sold at

relatively higher prices than those of other railroad corporations.

The slump in Northwestern was incessantly followed by severe breaks in the prices of Great Northern and Northern Pacific, two companies which, together with the Chicago, Burlington & Quincy, constitute the great Hill system. Great Northern stock, which was as high as 100½ last year, sank as low as 65, though the dividend still is 7 per cent per annum. About ten years ago the stock was up to 157½. Northern Pacific is quoted at 66½ at this moment, which compares with a maximum of 99½ in 1919, and with 159½ in 1911. In this case, too, the annual dividend is \$7. It has regularly been paid since 1905.

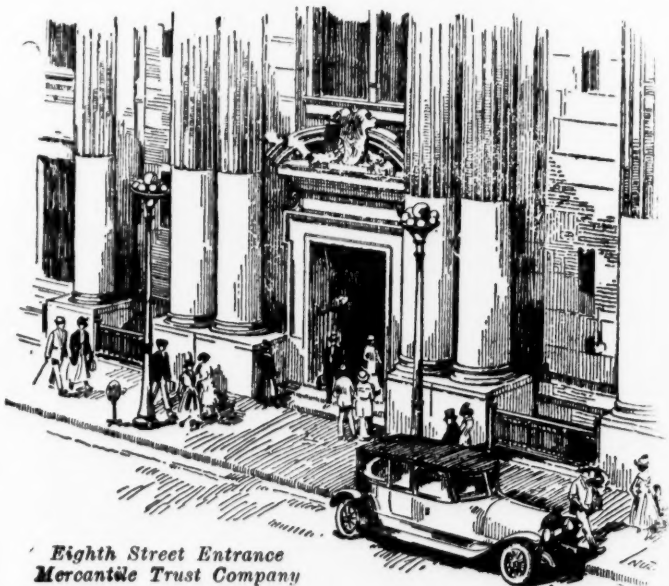
Another thing to be remembered in this connection is the joint ownership of the Burlington by the Great Northern & Northern Pacific. The Burlington has for years been one of the most prosperous systems in the country. It pays \$10 per annum and has a large-sized surplus to boot. It was acquired by the G. N. and N. P. in 1900 at \$200 a share. The speculative opulence of the Burlington is plainly reflected in the quoted price of 94½ for the joint 4 per cent bonds issued at time of acquisition by the G. N. and N. P.

Are You Going Away for the Summer?

Any change of address should be mailed to our Subscription Department at least two weeks before it is to become effective. This will insure uninterrupted delivery of *Reedy's Mirror* to you, and will materially lessen the pressure of work in our office. When notifying us be sure to give both old and new addresses and stipulate the exact date when you desire the change made.

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POLAR WAVE
OLIVE AND GRAND

Now, kind reader, bear in mind that the first Liberty 4s are selling at 85.70 and the tax-exempt 3½s at 92. Pondering upon these and a few other germane facts, one feels at a loss to explain such low valuations as those now in effect for the two proprietary corporations. It is perfectly safe to bet that large blocks of their shares have lately been taken over by capitalistic interests who are confident that the market values will again be above 100 at a not remote date. The severe declines in the shares of the three railroad companies mentioned necessarily had their harmful repercussions in the cases of some other stocks of this class. The liquidation was particularly noticeable in the issues of companies whose finances have been materially weakened by Federal management. Heavy liquidation of our railroad shares is attributed to the British government.

The June report of the Agricultural Department estimates this season's total production of wheat at 781,000,000 bushels. The 1919 record was 941,000,000. The indicated spring wheat crop of 277,000,000 bushels surpasses that of last year by 68,000,000. This in spite of serious shortage of farm labor throughout the Northwest. A total production of 941,000,000 bushels will probably be sufficient. Our own requirements, including seed wheat, should not exceed 660,000,000 bushels. A surplus of approximately 280,000,000 bushels, plus average contributions from Australia, Argentina and India, will cover the needs of afflicted Europe, all the more so since this year's harvests on the Continent are expected to be considerably better than those of 1919.

The widely prevalent economic troubles in the Orient have led to a severe break in the quotation of silver, which is 90 cents per ounce in New York. The downward course in recent weeks was, according to London authorities, mainly the outgrowth of heavy selling by Chinese and Japanese interests. Quite a deal of liquidation of silver is reported to have occurred also in Germany, Italy and a few other European nations. The break in silver, strange to say, did not prevent the Bank of Bombay from reducing its official rate from 7 to 4 per cent. From this it would appear that the worst has been seen in the Orient. About a year ago silver was valued at over \$1.30.

Finance in St. Louis.

There's not much doing these days in the local market for securities. Activity is curtailed by the influences of caloric weather. Prices are quite firm, however, owing to the prevalent feeling that another broad forward movement cannot be far off. The shares of the Certain-teed Products Company drew considerable attention lately. The common, which could be bought at 29 last year, is selling at 56.75, or about four points below the top established some months ago. The stock will doubtless be among the dividend-payers before the close of 1920. The company pays 7 per cent both on first and second preferred shares. Laclede Steel common, an 8 per cent stock, is now in demand at 128.50. Holders who pretend to know what they are talking about feel quite sure that the shares will be quoted at 140 at an

early date. National Candy common is rather dormant. A few small sales were made at 130 the other day. The Title Guaranty Trust Company has voted to distribute among its shareholders \$100,000 of stock so far held in the treasury. This means a stock dividend of 10 per cent. This in addition to the regular quarterly dividend of \$1.50 per share, payable July 1. The company's earnings are showing steady expansion on account of a big increase in title examinations—the company's only business.

Local Quotations:

	Bid.	Asked.
Nat. Bank of Commerce.....	137	
Mississippi Valley Trust.....	284	
Title Guaranty Trust.....	69	
Brown Shoe pfd.....	94	95½
do com.....	95	99
Certain-teed Products com.....	56	56¾
*Cities Service pfd.....	64½	65
do com.....	324	329
Fulton Iron Works.....		75
Hamilton-Brown Shoe.....	142½	
Indianapolis Refining Co.....	7½	7¼
International Shoe pfd.....	106	
do com.....		145
Laclede Steel Co.....		129½
Marland Refining Co.....	4¾	4¾
Nat. Candy com.....	130	
Temtor "A".....	42½	
Wagner Elec. Mfg.....		112

*Ex-dividend.

Answers to Inquiries.

READER, St. Louis.—With the price at 44, Cerro de Pasco Copper may be considered an attractive speculative purchase. The price was up to 67½ in 1919. The shrinkage in earnings is discounted. A great expansion in copper consumption is inevitable. The company controls some of the richest copper mines in Peru, together with the entire capital stock of the Cerro de Pasco Railroad Co. Dividends paid since March, 1916.

OWNER, Chicago, Ill.—Great Northern 7 per cent preferred is down to 66½. This is sufficiently cheap to warrant purchase of another certificate. A dividend reduction is discounted. A 6 per cent rate would mean a net return of 9 per cent; a 5 per cent, one of 7½ per cent. A further decline, say to about 60, is improbable.

R. E., Warrenton, Mo.—(1) Northern Pacific 4s are a good investment, and temptingly priced at 70½, present figure. The indicated net yield is in accord with existing conditions in the investment market. Bonds sold at 80¼ last January and as high as 106¼ in 1905. (2) Reading general 4s, selling at 77¼, are among the best securities of their class. You might be able to get them at 75. The top in 1919 was 86¼. This is certainly an unusually good opportunity for securing fine bargains in the bond market. One should beware of postponing action too long.

DODSON, Des Moines, Ia.—(1) Pennsylvania Seaboard Steel is an attractive low-priced speculation, the price being down to 27¾. It should make very satisfactory response to another bull movement in the industrial department. An additional purchase would be advisable. (2) Hold your Continental Candy common. Intrinsic value is materially higher than current quotation. (3) Tobacco Products will make good if patiently held for a few months. There's very little chance that you will be able to buy another certificate at 64.

Coming Shows

At the Columbia theatre Ray and Emma Dean are presenting an original skit which provides them many opportunities to display their talents as entertainers with dancing, singing and dialogue. "Dance Oddities" and the Jackson Miller Trio are two other popular features. Tough luck in real life is no laughing matter but when it happens to Owen Moore as "The Desperate Hero"—the feature film at the Columbia—it affords more fun than a circus full of clowns.

Ergotti's Lilliputians in "A Little Surprise" are repeating their success of "Gloriana" and "Canary Cottage." These tiny athletes and comedians are entertainers of a high order. Other good numbers are Al Wohlman as "The Student"; Romm and Hancy in "1920 Nic Nacs of Vaudeville"; Gardner, Kendall and Claire in "The Golfers"; the Three Lees in "Watch the Pipe"; Bernivici Brothers in "A Night in Venice"; Creedon and Walsh, presenting a barrage of nonsense; Stewart Girls, harmony and character singing; and E. T. Alexander, "A Study in Oil Painting."

At "the big place on the hill" Walsh and Bentley are performing remarkable athletic feats without turning a hair or, what is more pertinent today, perspiring a drop. Other pleasing numbers on the Highlands bill are: Ida Grannan with a new bill of songs; Damerl and Vail in a musical sketch called "Hearts and Clubs"; Kelly and Post, two

careless farceurs, in "Have a Pickle", and the Morton Jewel Four in a rapid singing and dancing number. The theatre is only one of the many attractions at the Highlands—the swimming pool is among the best of the others.

Our Municipal Opera

The Municipal Opera in Forest Park is twice as well attended this its second season as it was last, and there is ample justification for this large attendance. The new concrete proscenium arch has so improved the acoustics of the theatre that the spoken as well as the singing voice can be heard in practically all parts of it. The principals and support are all in excellent voice, the theatre is cool and the weather has been admirable. Should rain come, however, protection will be afforded by the pergola in the rear and the covered walk from Summit Drive down to the bridge. The park busses carry from DeBaliviere avenue to the theatre and the city busses go there direct.

The offering during the present week, concluding Sunday night, is that great favorite "Robin Hood" with Raymond Crane cavorting as the sheriff and Anne Bussert singing the part of Lady Marian. Little John, Will Scarlet and Friar Tuck are sung by Bernard Fer-

guson, Charles E. Gallagher and Ralph Nichols, while Mildred Rogers renders *Allan-a-Dale* very effectively in her deep contralto.

Lawyer (examining prospective juror in criminal case)—Mr. Juror, have you any fixed opinion as to the guilt or innocence of the accused? *Juror* (emphatically)—Naw, I aint got no doubt but the guy's guilty, but they aint nobody fixed me.—*Cleveland Leader*.

Church—I understand that the average square mile in New York City has living in it nearly as many persons as are in the whole state of Nevada. *Gotham*—Yes, but what I don't understand is why a person in the average square mile in New York has to go to Nevada to get a divorce.—*Yonkers Statesman*.

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